

INTEGRITY



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SUBJECT: THE JEWS

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EDITORIAL



THE story of the Jewish race can only be told religiously. The problem of Jewish persecution can only be solved religiously. The Promised Land for the Jews can only be regained religiously. The course of Jewish history, like that of the other branch of Israel, the Catholic Church, is an inscription made by the Finger of God on the sands of time. It is in the light of His Revelation alone that the marks are intelligible.

The miracles that saved Israel from extinction while she awaited the coming of her Messiah have been recorded in the Old Testament. What, short of miracles, could have saved a few tribes of Semites confined to a narrow strip of land between desert and sea from extinction at the hands of powerful militant neighbors? Could any historian dare to explain her survival apart from the miracle of the Exodus? . . . or the super-humanity of her prophets? The mystery of her monotheism in a vast sea of polytheistic cults, this religion which was her reason for being, cannot be considered as an evolutionary process. This vessel of belief in a Personal Heavenly Father was borne aloft through centuries of indifferent materialism within and ruthless war and enslavement from without. At the time when the Machabees established their dynasty, Israel was reduced to but a handful. Yet she survived. And when her unwelcomed Messiah did come, she was occupied by Roman conquerors, and had a usurper for a King.

After the Passion and Death of Christ, Israel was split in two. A few accepted Christ, followed Him, and in the midst of persecution founded a Church to continue His work of Salvation. The majority, however, refused to honor His Divine credentials, repented not at all for the death sentence they had imposed upon Him, and became in their consequent dispersion and persecution a living testimony to the retributive Justice of God. Today's descendants of the divided Israel are on the one hand the Roman Catholics, and, on the other hand, the Jews.

The histories of these branches, spiritual Semites and fleshy Semites, run as parallel lines through the history of Europe. The survival of the Jews through this period testifies to two important facts:

1) That God has a special and specific concern for His Chosen People.

2) That that specific love was recognized by the Church, for it was through her temporal power alone that the survival of the Jewish race was made possible.

The habits and way of life of the Jews were foreign and often inimical to the otherwise homogeneous Christian society which harbored them. The ghetto was as much a sign of privilege as of imprisonment. It was a place of refuge for the Jew to protect him against secular and personal enmity more obtuse to the Will of God than was His Church. Against these secular powers the Papacy was constantly pleading in behalf of the Jews. A society dominantly and ubiquitously Christian to an extent incomprehensible today could not help but look upon the Jews as a thorn in its side. Yet they survived. They survive even until today when again the same pattern has been repeated, for no one has labored more selflessly or diligently in behalf of the Jews persecuted by secular Germany, than has Pius XII. History shows that this is not a new or peculiar altruism on his part, but in keeping with a centuries-old tradition.

A concern for the present plight of the Jews as displaced persons and grist for future demagogic mills, if it is to be toward their lasting good and their souls' salvation, must make this distinction: between the Jews as the victims of human judgments, and the Jews the objects of Divine Judgment. If this distinction is not made, then, with the greatest good will we shall seek in vain to protect them from a wound which is self-inflicted. Human good will, brotherhood, tolerance, or charity in this case is inadequate. The severance of the Jew from his Blood Brother Christ cannot be cemented by some modern plastic but will await the Divine surgery by which the transfusion will be made sacramentally. The Hebrew blood of guilt will then become the Sacramental Blood of Redemption. Within the Church of Christ, the Jews will find their Promised Land.

What is our part as Catholics in the redemption of the Jews? The first direction is negative but it represents the minimum. We must not bear false witness against the Jews, adding our rash judgments to those of our pagan neighbors. If we take refuge in human judgments

and try to reduce the Jewish problem to a natural equation, we shall be denying to the Jews the supernatural love and Divine pity which alone can bring them to at-one-ment with Christ. As Catholics we are members of Christ and thus the instrument for Divine Love. As members of Christ we are the living testament of His Crucifixion, and if we bear witness to this before the Jews, they will see in us both the Cause and the Resolution of their plight.

Christ Our Lord, The Lion of Judah, said, "Salvation is of the Jews." We Catholics who are the newly chosen, the second born, can only merit salvation through the Jew Christ, Son of the Jewess Mary, testified to by the Jews Peter and Paul. The Blood shed upon the Cross was Hebrew Blood. The salvation of the Jews is in the same Blood.

THE EDITORS



COOPERATION

Mrs. Babbitt spends her days,
Helping those who are in need,
Mr. Babbitt works hard too,
So she can find enough to do.

The Fortress

I found myself born in a common enough Jewish community on the east side of the Bronx. It was not such an orthodox place that the men wore little curls above each ear in the strict Hebraic fashion, but the Jewish way of life was faithfully kept, all the laws and all the customs. My first fear of the Lord came one Saturday when I was about five years of age: I had cut a piece of paper on the Sabbath. As far as I can remember, that fear was the first act I ever made as a person with religious bearings.

Several years later when I first walked into Harlem, I can remember being shocked into the realization of a Negro community. The man who sold orange juice from a stand was a Negro; the people who sat on camp stools in front of the apartment houses were Negroes; even the street cleaners were Negroes. It was as though you had put a mirror to America and everything was reflected back in black. This is what it was like where I was born and grew up except that everything was reflected back in Jewish color. But in all such places there are several openings through which the outside world leaks in. We had such openings too and these were the movies, the schools and the printed word.

In the movies people neither spoke Jewish as we did, nor even English with our kind of accent. All weddings were performed in front of Christian altars and there was a culture represented generally that was clearly not ours. Books made it even more clear to us that in the world of heroes and heroines, Jewish people were far from being the ones with whom might, right and glamor sided.

The schools we went to were neighborhood public schools and therefore nearly all the pupils were Jewish, but few of the teachers were. Most of them were Irish. On the days the schools were closed for the country's religious holidays, Christmas and Easter, we had none of our own to celebrate, though sometimes Passover, a feast day on a different calendar, did coincide with Easter in an accidental sort of way. And on the days we had our holidays, the schools stayed open though only the teachers and one or two children in each of the large classes went to school. We were out of step.

To a child, the written word, the school and the movies all bring authority. Gentile heroes, strange holidays, love that ends before a Christian altar only—these were inconsistencies I never understood while I was in grade school. Constantly we seemed not to do the *right* thing.

In school we used to sing "My Country 'Tears' of Thee," which

had little meaning to us. There was even one particular phrase, "Land where our fathers died," that made me mortally embarrassed. I had a feeling that the line belonged to those few who went to school on our holidays and not to us. We never sang a song about our fathers who chose this country to die in in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

It wasn't until I was eleven years old and in high school that I found out that I as an individual was Jewish. I had known that somewhere outside were all kinds of people who were not like us, and most of these were teachers. But on this day, my friend told me that *most people were not Jews and that most people hated Jews*. The embarrassment came to the surface and was gone forever because I understood now. Terror, more real and more tenacious, came instead and I imagined an enemy who would kill us and me. The big world erupted into tiny pieces and it took many hesitant moments to build it up again bit by bit. From that day I never doubted that we were hated because we were in small numbers and from that day there has been no security for us or me in a world where people are sorted and counted.

Until that day I had enjoyed many things without question. God gave a beautiful life to each child in our community. I loved the solemnity of Friday nights when the candles made up flickering dances in the kitchen and the house was burdened with cleanliness. Daytime Saturday, which had begun at sunset on Friday, was an anti-climax. I delighted in every one of the thousand times my mother took out my father's praying shawl and prayer books and my father accepted them proudly and went off to the synagogue with a man's pomp. Passover was a dream that came true only once a year and was full of special foods, long days of ceremonies and the smell of spring. I had childish curiosity and frequently demanded to go with my father to the synagogue to see what was going on in this place of awe. Men chanted beseeching melodies there that subdued me with sadness. Men swayed as they chanted.

We never talked about God at home. Perhaps they did in other homes, but in none that I knew. My friends would have told me. I think we talked about "holy." There were holy days, holy things and holy laws that could not be broken. I knew an awful lot about holy because I was conscientious and asked questions so that I would know the proper things to do. I think I knew that God was behind it all, in a remote way, but He was an awe-full God who did not encourage familiarity in our particular community.

I was so conscientious that although I was a girl, I went to the synagogue on Saturday mornings when I was about eight or nine. Boys had to go. The rabbi's two girl grandchildren went and we were the

only girls ever present. In the Jewish religion it is the man who bears the burden of responsibility in keeping the laws. The woman is taught at home and she is not the one who carries on the business of religion except in one potential way; she might one day bear the Messias.

It really was my conscientiousness that sent me off to the synagogue on Saturdays to hear the Bible stories along with the rabbi's grandchildren. I don't know what my parents thought of this strange girl of theirs. I think my father was pleased, though I would have pleased him more could I have become a boy. It was these stories that made glory grow inside me and endowed me with a hunger to know more. I was proud of our Jewish history and I kept hearing God mentioned in the stories and I was proud of Him too. He was not hidden any more. God who opened the Red Sea for the Jews and closed it for the Egyptians was obviously full of authority the way the schools and the books and the movies were. I began to admire Him and then I loved Him for what He had done for my ancient people and then I loved Him, just like that.

I must say that I never felt Jewish in my whole life. I always felt myself. I felt a belonging with my people, and American in nationality and Jewish in religion when the occasion arose to be one or the other. But all the time this thing that was me was me. In school, it is true that the teachers did their duty by us and told us there was a Jewish type and Jewish characteristics. This was confusing because I looked up every geography book I could find that had a description and sometimes even a picture of the Jewish "type," always next to a picture of an Arab, and I had rarely seen this specimen in real life. My own family was blonde and blue-eyed and hooked noses were as common or not among my friends as they are among other peoples. If one has to generalize, I would say that broadly there were from five to ten physical categories in our community; I could be more accurate had I measured everyone's skull. We ranged in types from German to Italian; from fat to skinny; from tall to short, almost like everyone else it would seem! It was harder on those children who by some freak of nature resembled this specimen in some degree, because they were credited with proportionately more Jewish "characteristics." But then, this curse has even extended to non-Jews who by the same accident also resemble in some degree this arbitrary specimen, and they too have suffered the consequences of being credited proportionately with Jewish "characteristics." For it is true that in world values it is not what you are that counts, but what people think you are.

I began to observe changes in our neighborhood as soon as I sometimes could say oldly at ten or eleven years that the old days were gone. It was true however. For one thing, the color of the language

was changing. Yiddish was no longer the only official language spoken in the stores and on the streets. It was still spoken in each home to some extent and among those whose first language it was. But a new generation was growing up in a lusty American world and spoke a vigorous Bronx English. So in this way, the language barrier was gone, and seemingly overnight too. The gates were down and the outside world no longer leaked in, it flooded all over us.

Over the same period of time that I noticed the change in the color of the language, I noticed a change in the color of the religion and customs. For instance, the dietary laws which concern themselves with the keeping of a kosher home were very strictly adhered to when I was a young child. But when I was nine, our house became one of the first on our block to become non-kosher. Today, except for the orthodox Jewish sections on the lower east side of Manhattan, I know of few homes where the laws are kept and these only because of some ancient parent or grandparent who would feel betrayed were there any change.

This breakdown came about in everything. It was a real assimilation of a non-national group along seemingly national lines except that the customs this particular people gave up were their religious laws.

Judaism was a religion of law and order. In so far as the laws were kept, orthodoxy was kept. In so far as the laws were not kept, lack of orthodoxy grew. The laws that had once all been part of a mighty bustle of preparation for the day of the inevitable revolution, the day when the Messiah would come to the Jews, were no longer bound together by the priests, the Temple, the sacrifices in the Temple and the presence in the Temple of the Holy of Holies. The laws were like skin that hung on dead bones. It was a religion of law and order only.

There has been a great cry heard from gentiles who would like to see the Jews return to their strict orthodoxy. The logic of these people seems to be that if the Jews were only religious they would not be so bad, but since they are no longer "religious," well then, they must certainly be a rotten lot. But it would be an empty religion that the Jews would return to. Their laws do not make sense today in this world, those laws of cleanliness and Saturday Sabbaths, unless they still strongly believe that the Messiah will come some day. Christians know the Messiah has come. Why do they tell the Jews to go and practice over 300 detailed laws for daily living and thus prepare patiently for the Messiah? Though the Jews do not believe in Christ, the Messianic core of their faith started to fade when the Temple was rent in two on the first Good Friday. Today the Jews who would return to their

religion would only go back to laws and not to God, or to a kind of "reformed" faith of a unitarian paleness.

When Jews are persecuted they go back to their religion. I think this is mostly because it is not unlike a situation where strangers find themselves thrown together and must find a common bond. When Jews are allowed to live in peace they stray from each other, their religion dies naturally and they seek a more permanent truth.

And yet it remained a Jewish community, this place where I lived. I don't know why entirely. The religion was fading, and the Jews are not a national group. They come from every country in the world. When I think of "national" I think of a people sharing history, wars, culture, peace, tradition and language in common. Except for language in many cases, today, twenty centuries after Biblical times, this sharing is only true of the Jews who come from one country, not of all the Jews who come from all countries. I learned this lesson of nationality very sharply when the German refugee Jews started coming into our neighborhood in the 1930's. Our community was Russian and Polish until the German Jews came. They did not get along well with us. The nationalities clashed.

I do not know what keeps a Jew a Jew, after he has given up his religion. I do not believe anyone could really know this though I have read some scholarly treatises on the subject. It is something God will have to explain. I think that in part loneliness drives one Jew to seek another Jew, and a desire to be one's self. I think in part gentiles make a lonely and even homeless world for Jews and thus keep them in hordes. And I think God is Third Party to it all.

This is the way the gentiles keep Jews together as a group: they build a fortress of the world and outside it are ghettos. Except for the Negro, no one has ever been as cruelly discriminated against in job situations as the Jew. We were very hungry in our community during the long depression, and even after the depression went away from many other people. I used to try to get a job frequently from the time I was about fifteen. Jobs were hard come by to everyone, it is true, but except for non-paying jobs in law offices and the like, employers did not pick Jews. Everywhere I went I had to answer questionnaires which asked my religion. Was I Protestant or Catholic or Jewish? I was Jewish. Or if I had to account for my descent, I replied that my parents were Russian. Now everyone knew that most of the Jews in New York were Russian and one's name was a give-away too. When the questionnaire did not ask for my religion, it subtly asked for my nationality which I always answered as being American,

oddly enough. But at this, I was sent back to the ink pot to report my "real" nationality. Sometimes I was furious but other times I was cunning and would write down the name of the Russian state my father came from. This device with my features would get me past the first desk to the second. I would be well treated until I casually mentioned that I was Jewish for the effect. It was always a rousing effect too. Sometimes a Jew would be hired, but by other Jews. The war has changed a good deal of this by creating something of a shortage on the labor market, for the short time being.

In the course of time I became a Catholic. As I stepped into the green pastures of the Church I became a freak, a Jewish convert. By now there should be enough of us not to be museum pieces. But still, everywhere I go with my Catholic friends, I am pointed out as a Jewish convert, isn't it wonderful. Except for a handful of people, I have never been treated as anything but a Jewish Catholic. Now, I would like to be treated as neither the one nor the other but as myself. My background and my faith are part of *me*. If I went to a priest for spiritual direction I was more often than not told that I had to break my "Jewish pride" or that since every Jew was antagonistic and aggressive, I had to face it within myself and tear out these seeds of Satan. If I settled into a group of Catholic friends, someone new would come along and I would be introduced as a Jewish convert, isn't it wonderful. It is not wonderful. If a Jew becomes a Catholic, it is not because he wants to mend his "Semitic" ways. It is because the fear of Hell enters into him that he leaves the familiar life he grew up in and goes into a cold and strange new way of life. It is not wonderful, it is very necessary for some people.

God gave a tiny limited soul to each to keep on earth. It is so limited because it is almost like everyone else's. But God also put in each a little precious bit of individual. Nothing is so priceless in all the world. When we look at each other, this is what we must look at. But people do not really look at you when you are Jewish.

PAULA CEILSON

Christian Anti-Semitism

The recent slaughter of several million Jews in Europe still has some power to shock the Christian world. But mostly it is forgotten, assimilated like the bombing of Hiroshima and grown dim in the short memory of modern times. It is true that the devastation occurred in spite of Christianity, that anti-Semitism persists in defiance of the Gospels and in accordance with the spirit of the world. And yet we know that it is the spiritual shortcomings of an entire civilization which calls itself "Christian" that is, if not the cause, at least the occasion for the power that evil has in the world of today. And are not we Catholics, who bear the fulness of truth, of all the most guilty for cooperating in this work of destruction by the tepidity and mediocrity of our lives? For we who, in the grace contained in the Mass and in the Sacraments, and in the teachings of Christ interpreted by generations of saints and wise men, possess the cure of all the "isms" of our time, have been tried and found wanting. And in the name of the very truth we have abandoned, we have not hesitated to criticize unqualifiedly the remedies propounded by the secular world for the alleviation of human ills. The tolerance of the liberal as a solution to the racial problem, we claim is insufficient, but we have not yet manifested the charity required for the Christian solution. Despite the continual warnings, appeals, and condemnations of the Holy Father and the Hierarchy, there exists among Catholics a certain antipathy towards the Jew, mild it is true as compared with the maniacal hatred that finds expression only in physical extermination or the abrogation of civil and natural rights, but equally at variance with the spirit of Christ and His Spouse. Too frequently the Christian reaction to the Jew is one of fear of his "subversive activity," resentment of his "grasping nature," jealousy of his economic success (even though this is limited to a small proportion of its members) or envy of his unquenchable zeal in all fields of endeavor.

And even if there is some truth in these accusations, have we not had enough of such Pharisaical weighing of merits and defects? There is no denying the admirable intentions and even the good accomplished by Christian writers who extol the Jewish people for their temporal and spiritual achievements, but such attempts reach only those already disposed to friendliness. There can be no solution to the Jewish problem on this level. For it is not a question of whether the Jew actually possesses the defects attributed to him. In the measure that we make this consideration primary, we unwittingly serve the cause of the anti-Semite, who relies upon the contingent nature of such a search, and the consequent difficulty of precisely determining the facts, to fit the

results into his own unsympathetic interpretation. Anti-Semitism is not a simple prejudice based on the dislike of a few personality traits, or even on jealousy, resentment or fear. It is complex, because it has its roots in a mystery, the mystery of God's election. The Jew forgot this mystery and failed to recognize his Messiah. The Christian forgets this mystery and re-crucifies his Lord in persecuting His fleshly lineage.

It is the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, Chapters 9-11, that reveals this mystery to us in describing the past history and future destiny of Israel. The Jews are a chosen people, because God freely elected them and gave them a Law and a mission. The mission was primary, and the purpose of the Law was to enable them to fulfill it. The mission was no less than the salvation of mankind, forfeited by the sin of Adam. Israel was to bring this about by giving to the world a Messiah who would establish God's kingdom on earth, a kingdom whose subjects would be Jew and Gentile alike. Essentially, then, to be a Jew meant to be *freely elected* by God to redeem the world. Emphasis must be laid on the freedom of God's choice, for it was not because of any merit of works (either outside or within the Law) that Abraham and his posterity received this election. They remained the favored of God not, as they thought at the time of Christ, because they were Jews obedient to the Law; rather, they were Jews by virtue of God's choice and by faith. The choice was made manifest by a fleshly mark, that of circumcision, and the Messianic mission promised to the fleshly descendants of Abraham. But as St. Paul points out (Chapter 9, 6-13), not all of Abraham's descendants will be Jews, inheritors of the promise. Ismael, Abraham's son by the bondwoman, Agar, is excluded, as is Esau, who sold his birthright, thereby forfeiting his election. And does not St. John the Baptist warn the Jews that God is able out of the stones in the desert of Judea to raise up sons of Abraham? Although the election of God will be manifest in the flesh, God is not bound by the flesh in this election. To bear God's Word to the world is a gift freely given; it was this mark of the spirit that primarily distinguished the Jew from his Gentile neighbor.

Despite many spiritual passages in the prophetic writings, this primacy of the spiritual in the destiny of Israel was not understood by the Jews at the time of Our Lord, nor is it understood by those who adhere to the Jewish faith today. The basic reason for their rejection of Christ was, and still is, the claim that He did not fulfill the Scriptures because He did not obey the precepts of the Old Law and because He did not give to Israel the earthly kingdom they believed God had promised them. The Scribes and Pharisees were scandalized at the freedom of Jesus' interpretation of the Law because they had come to believe that their salvation lay in a detailed execution of all its prescriptions

which was alone sufficient to render them just in the sight of God. They no longer remembered that the Law was a means to salvation and that it was ordered to the love of God who had freely chosen them as His sons. It limited God's election to a select people, for, after all, it was only the Jews who possessed the Law and who, therefore, could be justified by it. Thus they no longer realized that their works were meritorious because God freely chose to find them so and they no longer recognized that theirs was a more universal purpose, the redemption of the Gentiles. That is why the Messianic kingdom was conceived at this time as a temporal kingdom whose purpose was to restore Israel to earthly felicity. The Scriptures were interpreted literally, for their spiritual meaning, the establishment of an Israel of the spirit, was directly opposed to the nationalism of the times which restricted God's free election. Our Lord came specifically to the Jews to recall them to the knowledge of God's freedom and to free them from the narrow confines of a nationalism which denied it.

The Church has condemned the wilful hatred of one's neighbor, which, if not repented, will cut off the offender from the eternal vision of God. The offense takes on an additional seriousness when the object of "Christian" hatred is the Jewish people. The Jews are still the chosen of God, not in the sense in which Catholics are, as constituting the Church through which mankind is redeemed, but because they still play an important, though mysterious, part in the economy of salvation. Although the Jewish rejection of the Messiah was not willed by God, it served as the occasion for the election of the Gentiles.

*"But by their offense salvation is come to
the Gentiles, that they may be emulous of them."*

(Romans, Ch. 11, 11)

Israel still serves this purpose. God permits the blindness of His first chosen, in order that the grace of the Holy Ghost may abound more fully among the Gentiles.¹ It is through the charity of Christians that the Jew will return to the Spiritual Israel, a charity which he will jealously imitate. The Catholic is obliged to seek perfection not only for the salvation of his eternal soul, but for the fulness of God's earthly kingdom to be effected at Israel's conversion.

*"For if the loss of them be the reconciliation of the
world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life
from the dead?"*

(Romans, Ch. 11, 15)

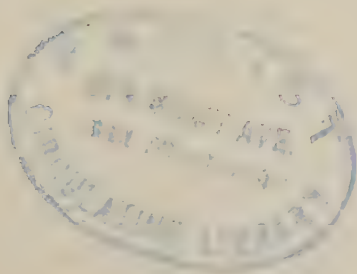
The Christian who hates his Jewish neighbor, apart from social,

¹ This thesis is treated in "Destinees d'Israel," by Charles Journet.

cultural, and economic considerations which are of secondary importance, does so because the Jew has rejected his Lord and has accordingly been deprived of his original heritage. The Christian anti-Semite sets himself up as the instrument through which justice is visited upon Israel for its faithlessness. Is this not an equally profound misunderstanding of the freedom of God's election? For here again is the subordination of a free election to the primacy of nation in the persecution of a people because they are no longer completely identified with this election. It is not because of works or race but through God's merciful condescension that the Christian has received faith and salvation. When this is not realized, the Pharasaical hatred of the outsider becomes possible.

The fear that Saint Paul describes as proper to those who have replaced the "natural branches" is based on the understanding that faith and justification depend not upon nation but upon the mysterious will of God alone. If Israel now occupies the role of prodigal in the household of God, it is incumbent upon those who are now the first-born to participate in her restoration by works and prayer. If we do less than this and assume that our own favored position depends on other than the mercy of our Father, we run the risk of losing it. It cannot be accidental that in our time Christ occupies Jewish thought in a way that He has never before. The degree to which we cooperate may well be the measure of our sanctification. For salvation is of the Jews, primarily from its King, and then from His people themselves as they occasion our love, and finally from Israel restored, since the fulness of grace is reserved for that time.

JOURNET KAHN



The Editions of the Erudite Elders of Erin

The Editors of INTEGRITY, always on the alert for articles of interest, take pleasure in presenting this remarkable treatise which they feel sure will cause a furore in academic circles, if not a crisis in politics. Its author, not unknown to our readers, is qualified by both race and background to deal with such a subject, and is known for his earthy approach to world problems. Some may question whether it is protocol for an article of this kind to be given space within our pages. At a time when international politics are being discussed with a vision and clarity unprecedented in history, INTEGRITY would be lax in its obligations to its readers were it to fail in saying the things that need saying. This it now does . . . come what may.

Since the days of Alexander the Great, both military and political attempts have been made at world hegemony. These attempts have been easily documented except for those attributed to occult forces. For lack of documentary evidence, the objective historian has been very skeptical about alleged attempts at world hegemony by occult groups. This treatise is unique in that it deals with an attempt at world domination, now under way, initiated by a hitherto overlooked occult group, and is at the same time so thoroughly documented that it should satisfy even the most critical historian.

In the confused period following the first World War, the noted oceanographer Pluvius Mizzenmast discovered in an obscure Irish tavern the documents known today as: *The Editions of The Erudite Elders of Erin*. These were purportedly a plan for Irish world domination. The finder was suspected of being in the pay of the British Secret Service. His violent anti-Celtic sentiments have been definitely attested to.

To give credence to these documents, it must be pointed out that shortly after their publication by the Printing Office of the Peoples Republic of Outer Mongolia, Pluvius disappeared in the heat of the noonday sun!

The authenticity of these documents does not concern us. What interests us is their pointed relation to events which have transpired since their writing. "*Post hocum ergo propter hocum*," as the scholastics would say. All who wish to see history directed into its proper channels and not into Dublin Bay (referred to in the *Editions* under the code name of Channel No. 5) will want to read these documents.

Before quoting the *Editions* directly, it would be prudent to give the opinions of authorities concerning them, both pro and con.

Pro

Salvador Dilli, prominent cuberealism painter, one man exhibitionist at *La Galerie Des Rogues*, Dean of the *Anamorphosis School of*

Painting and Design, highly regarded in *Whose Hue* for his representative canvas *La Puce Et La Matelas*: "Wha dees peebles op to? Dey lacking in heestorical perspecticles!!!"

Sgt. Babbitt R. Microcosmic, imminent isolationist, occupant of the Chair of Electricity at Pratt Institute of Tautology, author of the seven volume history of the pecan industry *Much Ado About Nutting*: "With men who know their history best, it's the *Editions* two to one. That would be a ratio of one hundred to fifty, if you see what I mean."

Westbrook W. Pepys, radio oracle and calumnist, star of the *Gberkins Notion Program*, *Diary of a City Bumpkin*, listed in the current *Almanac de Gotha* as "*Sultan of Slander*": "The *Editions* show what a pickle the world is in. Everyone should read them from the age of eight upward, along with my column. They are even more accurate than my predictions, and I'm never wrong."

Con

Luigi Emersono Martini, hyperbolic lecturer and traveller, author of *Safe Cycling Through Sicily*, authority on the ruins of Provelone: "Scungilli parmigiana al dente cacciatore" which is the Palermo proverb meaning roughly: "They have the odor of cheddar to me."

General Welchmerz Haas-Settin of Stettin, author of "*Jet Propelled Propaganda in Wartime—Victory Through Hot Air Power*": "Diss ideass iss ridiggles. Logistic problems are inzer moundable. Deese keppitch petchers haff no oil for it, and I would die rather than use a zubsdidute, namely alghol."

John F. X. Aloysius Kilbride, prominent Galway politician: "How could inywan sa such a thing about the race which gave the world Nick Kenny? Thae are the divvils oan divvice, the workk of perfijus Albion."*

With these introductory remarks behind us, it is now possible to quote directly from the *Editions* themselves. Because of their length, only significant passages will be quoted, passages which reveal clearly the ends and purposes of the authors.

(Edition One, Page One, Paragraph One) "Gintlemin, be sated. In the worrld arr two races, the Irish and those who wish they were Irish. We must get into high office wheriver possible to use the power for our own noble ends. Once in our desk jobs, this power cannot be taken from us because possession is nine pints of the law. As long as our inimy England rules the waves, we shall waive the rules. As our motto has been so shall it remain, 'Albion's disthress is Erin's opporchunity.'"

* It should be noted that in *The Cause of World Unrest* published in Italy as "*Cimex Lectararius*", Signor I. Nostri-Monti pointed out the significant fact that Kilbride was a frequenter of Gardner's tavern where the *Editions* were allegedly written, and that therefore he may have helped draught them.

With the above to guide us we shall now match it with incontrovertible historical facts, facts with which the layman may not be familiar.

As all know, the Irish have been persecuted for both race and religion. To insure their personal security, they have resorted to the cover name technique which would conceal their true ancestry. Thus Sullivan has been changed to Allen, Gaffney and Mullins have become Moon, and Gardner has replaced Duffy, to all intents and purposes. These examples could be continued indefinitely. The cover name technique on a world wide scale we shall now see, in relation to the *Editions* quotation.

In County Callcannon, Erin, the names O'Delan and O'Rosevelt are seen on many tombstones and in incunabula in the Office of Registry. Many with these names have used the cover name technique on leaving Erin. Thus by removing the prefix, and concealing the O in the body of the name, or by using it as a suffix, O'Delan and O'Rosevelt become Delano and Roosevelt. Those used to such a system of concealment spot such names immediately; those who are not used to it think the name is of another nationality. Thus we see the clue to the true ancestry of the former White House occupant. Further proof is offered in the fact that he wore a green suit on St. Patrick's Day, and that when asked about his desire for a third and fourth term, he replied with characteristic Celtic candor: "Why, yes, of course I could stand another. But be careful, because the Republicans will also want one on the House, and since they are thirsting for power after the New Deal drought of patronage, it will probably go straight to their heads."

While in office, Mr. Roosevelt matched the *Editions* word for word in his appointees. One of his most unusual appointments was the Secretary of the Treasury, a Celt like himself who made use of the cover name technique, a man whose real name is Morgan-Shaw. According to documents recently destroyed by fire, he is a half-brother of the Dublin born octogenarian wit and playboy, George Bernanos Shaw who authored such books as: "*A Dietribe Against Meat Eaters—Pygmalion*"; "*The Merchant of Venison*"; "*Diaries of Majors Fred and Barbara Allen*," etc. After a period of public office, he took his satyric Irish wit to radio, using the cover name Henry Morgan.

As for the present occupant of the White House, we quote Bartlett Pear, son of Drew, Washington correspondent, in his syndicated column, *The Alluvial Deposit*: *I am informed by Rogers Pitt of the Senate cloak room that Truman is probably a thirty-third degree A.O.H. (Ancient Oddfellow Hibernian), and is quite likely to be under the influence of some caballistic Celtic clique, possibly McNamara's band.*

He, Truman, shrewdly advised Robert Hannigan to conceal his ancestry by speaking to a W.C.T.U. group with the alcoholic's analogous address: "A State Within a State—Delerium Trumens In Inebriation." Following the speech, the proprietor of the hall, an ex-serviceman, removed the local slogan of the group: "Remember The Alum Oh," and replaced it with the more appropriate: "Killjoy Was Here." As for me, as a columnist I have achromatopsia, but I frequently see green when Truman sends a list of appointees to the Senate for consternation!"

We shall now consider Russia, and Irish influence there. Evidence of Irish influence however is quite difficult to obtain because of the "Iron Curtin," so called in memory of the Celt whose feats of concealment and strength are legendary. However it is known for certain that a large section of the "Russian" Communist party must be Irish or at least of Irish extraction, because all refer to each other as T. O'Varich, which even the most naive will see is Irish. The foreign minister, M. O'Lotov, who, by his manner of dealing with Russian and foreigner alike has tried to give the impression of belonging to another race, has so far departed from the traditional Irish bonhommie that it is barely possible that he is of another race, but his name would belie it. A further proof of Irish influence in Russian life is the fact to which foreign correspondents and diplomats alike attest, namely, the endless toasts at banquets, in vodka, a cover name for poteen.

In a global manner, the Irish demonstrate their power in many ways.* For example, does it surprise anyone to know that the paper currency system of almost all civilized nations has green in almost all denominations from the dollar bill to the baksheesh of the Barbary States—a gratuitous affront to non-Celts. The less power they have in any individual government, the less green is used, so it is possible to judge their power in America from this alone. Another technique the Irish use to demonstrate their power is this. When the swinging doors of any coalition cabinet in any government are open, they elbow their way in. This was even done in the hermetically and legally sealed cabinet of Dr. Caligari, with the result that it became so overcrowded that all progressive legislation was stifled.

Possibly one of the worst assaults of the Irish is the assault on the species humanum genus. They frequently have twenty and thirty year engagements, after which they get married, some waiting so long that they have to be wheelchaired down the aisle together. Some go so far as to wait to get the Sacraments of Matrimony and Extreme Unc-

* EDITOR'S NOTE: In this connection we have heard it said that the Pope's real name is Pat Kelly.

tion together. The effect of this on a world wide scale is staggering to the imagination when one recalls the statement from the *Editions*: "In the worrld arr two races, the Irish and those who wish they were Irish." It is obvious that if the people of Irish blood, or with a desire to be of this race, practiced this constantly, the world would be in a short time uninhabited.

Thus we see the Irish strategically located the world over, ruling, in charming or ruthless power, adapting themselves to all situations. Or else we see them, silently gathering and consolidating information under the sinister mask of guilelessness and charm, from the deceptively commonplace Gilhooly's *Third Avenue Palace*, to Gilhooly's *Sign of The Bear* in Omsk, to Gilhooly's *Sapphire Room* in Cairo, to Gilhooly's *Little Down Under* in the Table Land of Australia, to Gilhooly's *Dart Room* in London's East End, to Gilhooly's *Onyx Room* atop the Sherry Outlands Hotel overlooking Central Park. *Hic et ubique! Hic! Hic!*

This Gilhooly saga, international in scope and repeated by many another far flung Fenian family, goes on and on, and the information they gather is piped into an as yet unknown source, for use in the struggle for Irish world hegemony, which will come, unless men of good will unite to crush it like a grape.

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SHEAMUS EGAN

The Market Place

The market place is filled with ugly people,
The market place is bursting with their talk,
The market place is fierce with something living,
And I feed my eyes with beauty as I walk.

In the passing faces lies the beauty,
Beauty that I cannot understand,
Cannot understand why tortured faces,
Thrill me like an artist's groping hand.

All these Jewish faces hide a longing,
All the faces wait for Him to come,
If they knew the God-man came already,
All the brilliant faces would be dumb.

All the flames of genius would be smothered,
With no feverish quest to swell upon;
Did their wise men know that if they took Him,
The beauty of the faces would be gone?

The market place is filled with ugly people,
The market place is bursting with their talk,
The market place is fierce with something living—
And I curse the Christless beauty as I walk.

RAE MELTZER

The Venerable Libermann

"Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile."

These are some of the facts which, as we think, make the Venerable Libermann a God-given teacher for our age: He is a Jew, the son of a Rabbi; he is co-founder of the Holy Ghost Fathers, a society dedicated to the conversion of the Negro; and he teaches a doctrine of peaceful penance. Perhaps these things, taken in themselves, do not seem especially remarkable. But let us bring them together with certain other facts to which they appear related.

Freud, too, is a Jew who teaches a doctrine of peace; but his is a peace which removes the conviction of guilt by denying the reality of sin; hence he must deny the rationality of man which is the root of human responsibility. Freud, as the competent students of contemporary thought recognize, is *the* moral teacher of our time.

Marx, too, is a Jew. He brings good tidings to the Negro and to all the underprivileged. It is a doctrine of hope founded on hatred, as Freud's is a doctrine of peace which must deny reason. And so, as Freud is the authority in the realm of personal ethics, so Marx is the contemporary authority in politics and economics. (Our present difficulty with Russia is only a sign that we have not capitulated completely to these doctrines—also God's way of calling us back to the truth and to Himself.)

But the roots go deeper. There is something common to the teaching of Freud and of Marx which, I am convinced, is the secret of their power over us: they exploit our hidden fear of evil, our sins against Faith. Because we know that, without God, the evil in ourselves, and in others, is too much for us. And we do not turn to God in this knowledge; so that we are pretty much convinced that evil is too much for us—without qualification. Freud and Marx would teach a way to attain happiness for men who are convinced that the evil is too much for them. As long as they admit it to be an evil, they will not know peace. And thus Freud would teach us how to deny it in ourselves; Marx shows us how to exploit it in our neighbor.

That is why, in Communist doctrine, it is necessary to bring about happiness through hatred, the hatred of the "class-struggle"; and so their method must be revolutionary in just this sense, that it is founded on hatred. On the surface it looks like "the end justifies the means," which is bad enough in itself. But in truth (though it is not expedient that this be known to many) the end is more evil than the means, and that is why it uses evil means. For the end is to glorify Lucifer, the enemy of God. Similarly Freud teaches that happiness must be attained by an evil means, the denial of sin. (I do not mean that the

means are admitted to be evil, but that they are in fact. But these teachers, measuring everything by the end they adduce—which they assume to be good, and the ultimate good—hold that means to it must be good.) Thus, where Communism is ordered to the adoration of Lucifer in political anarchy, so Freudism tends to a kind of personal anarchy, a false peace which removes anxiety by removing the *conviction* of guilt instead of the guilt. These are the successful doctrines of our time then, because they are devised to bring the simulation of peace and of hope to the guilt-ridden, tortured consciences of our time. They do this, unbeknown to their victims, by a complete and utter capitulation to evil. Hitler was only a figure held up to us by God, our image in a mirror. We sought peace by smashing the image; now we have another image threatening us, and the likeness is harder to deny.

For all that, men are not devils, and they still seek God. They do not embrace Freud because he denies God and the soul; on the contrary, they drink eagerly of his doctrine because they thirst for peace of soul, a peace which will dissolve their guilt. Neither do they embrace Communism because it denies God and private property, but because it appears to make hope and charity really attainable, *for all our evil*.

The point is that men turn away from despair as by an instinct. And if they embrace these false doctrines, it is because they "have not so much as heard" that there is a Spirit of Mercy, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of peace and of love. I do not mean that men are innocent of sin. The very opposite: they are so guilty they are unable to face their guilt, because their hearts have grown hard. And yet, even as I write these words, I cannot give my assent to them unless they are qualified. True, forgetting Christ, we may say the hearts of men have become hardened. But to permit this, even, was in Divine Providence, as it was decreed by God that His Church should be founded on a human rock, so hard that he could deny his Lord three times, and publicly. But God was not embarrassed to found His Church, which was to save sinners, upon a sinner.

Even more, while it is true that men, considered as a whole, as a *race* that is, have been turning more and more away from God, it is also true, assuredly, that successive generations have become more and more confused—by the very errors of their parents—so that the culpability of successive generations seems in some way to have diminished proportionately, even as their acts have become more grossly sinful, considered materially, and even as the race was turning more and more from God. I do not mean to be excluding culpability; but I do maintain that the degree of culpability is proportioned to clarity of knowledge, and it is evident enough how confused our unhappy generation is.

However that might be, viewing things naturally, as we see men in Christ it becomes evident that ours is the beginning of a time when Our Lord is calling us back to Himself, pitying His poor stray sheep beguiled and led astray by bad shepherds, loving our generation for all its weaknesses because it was denied so much by its fathers. And if this is true, then it is a time for the Gentiles to see that what the Jews did long ago in denying their Messias, they too have done, this in order that the Jew and the Gentile may, like the lion and the lamb, lie down together before their Lord. The Jews are particularly important at this time, then, because it is becoming clear that St. Paul's warning to the Gentiles has not been heeded, so that now, what happened to the original branches has happened to the engrafted ones. Now both Jew and Gentile may acknowledge together that they have crucified the Christ. For that reason, Jew need no longer fear Gentile as bearing a guilt unshared; and the Gentile need no longer be tempted to judge the Jew in the illusion of his own innocence. For the trouble with the world now seems to be, in principle, not so much that they deny Christ as that they no longer know how to bear the burden of their guilt in relation to Him.

Yet He Himself has taught us from the Cross how to bear this burden. He assures all men who will look into themselves to see what they have done, that He pleads for them with His Father: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." But this consolation is only for those who acknowledge what they do. The burden becomes light because Christ bears it, for those who will look upon their sin as their burden.

But in practice the order is reversed. We do not turn to Christ to help us *after* we have acknowledged our sins by our own strength. Rather, we do not so much as dare to look upon ourselves until we are abundantly reassured that, whatever we shall find (even before we have looked, we fear the worst, and rightly), we are loved without measure, that is, by God Himself. Mary, the Mother of God, is the pledge of that reassurance, of a love that becomes greater, not less, as the need is greater. Thus it was that Mary Magdalen loved much because she was forgiven so much, and her sorrow for her sins was as great as her love.

The Venerable Libermann first founded a Society which was dedicated by name to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Then it was assimilated to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost—as if to show our generation that the Spirit of Mary is the Holy Spirit, and that God is pleased now, after these many generations, to begin to call back His people, and to manifest Himself, once again, through their instrumentality. The writings of the venerable Father have most wonderful

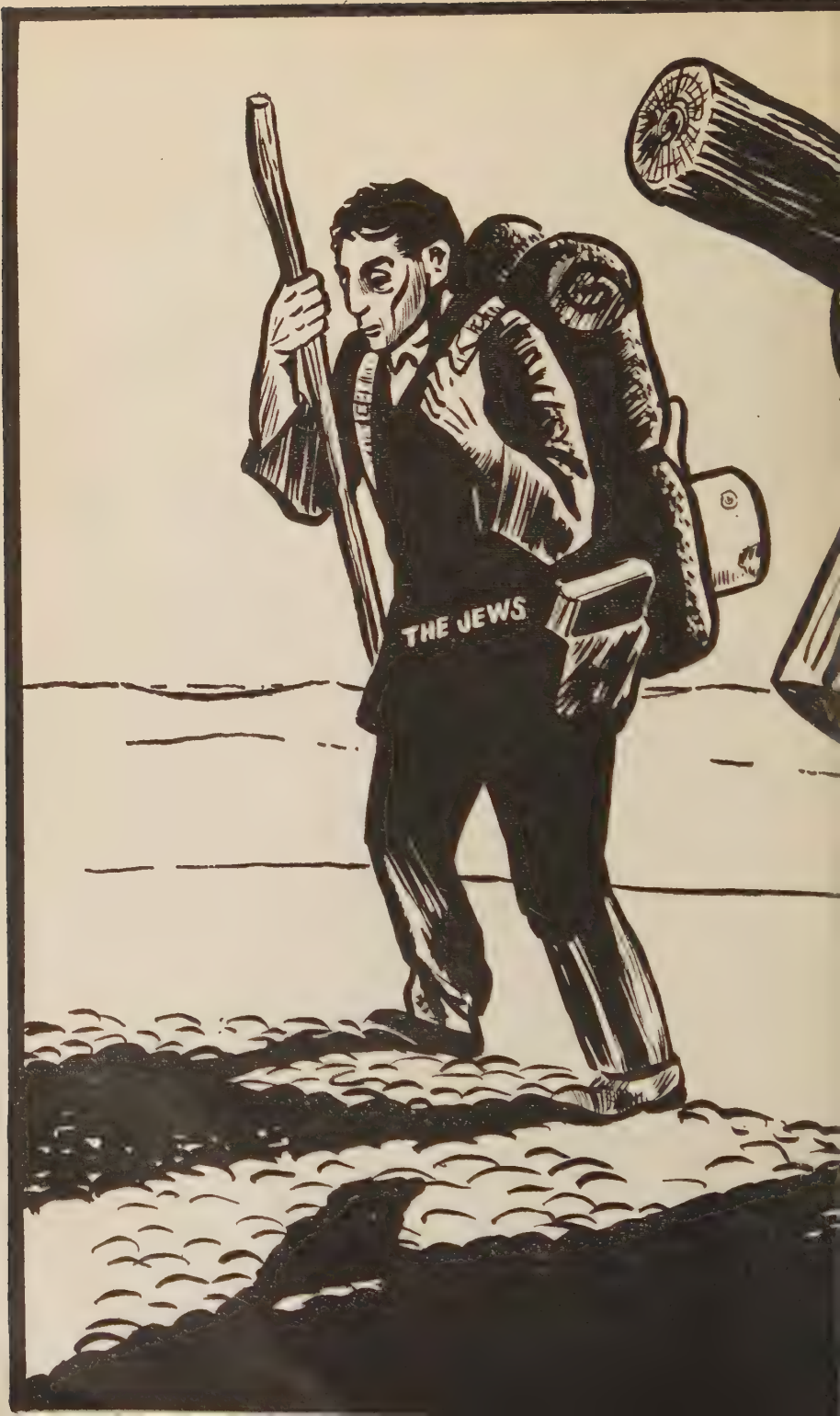
unction to quiet and reassure the anxious children of our age, to convince them that, for all their apprehensions and conviction of sin, they are acceptable to God, yes even more acceptable, if only they will come to Him through His Son. God is indeed a God of justice, demanding penance therefore. But above every other, He looks for the penance of a contrite heart. And even now He stands ready to make hearts contrite by an incredible pouring out of His mercy. Sinners that we are, we find it hard to believe these good tidings. Yet what is sin, finally, if it is not the instrument by which Our Father fashions His humble little children? Like orphans we look up incredulously when we are told how much we are loved. Therefore, our hearts need to be thawed; and now once again God has chosen a Jew to communicate His warmth. The Saints among the Gentiles have won grace for the fallen people, and now we are beginning to see what their conversion will bring, whose falling away was redemption to the Gentiles.

HERBERT THOMAS SCHWARTZ, T.O.P.



LAUDABLE INTENTIONS

When I am rich, I'll give my wealth
To any man in need,
I'll even help the fellow out,
Who suffered from my greed.





A Modern Jew Comes to the Faith

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is said of the University of Chicago that it is "a Baptist school where Jews go to become Catholics." The University has actually been the occasion of the conversion of quite a number of people, including Jewish students of outstanding ability. This is because of the emphasis given, under President Hutchins, to scholastic philosophy. One of the Jewish converts, baptized in Chicago in the fall of 1936, is now a Trappist monk and has recently been ordained a priest. Before entering the monastery he was a practicing physician and psychiatrist. The story of Father Raphael's conversion will be published this fall by Macmillan, under the title of "The Glory of Thy People." The author has kindly given INTEGRITY permission to print excerpts from the book, and we have chosen three which show the influence of the University of Chicago and the study of philosophy in turning Father Raphael toward the Faith.*

Science and Philosophy

The years 1934 to 1936, I spent at the University of Chicago. Professor McKeon had been appointed Dean of the Division of Humanities. My work with him had been subsidized by the Josiah Macy, Junior, Foundation, and I was zealously studying philosophy.

President Hutchins was encouraging the development of a more unified and intelligent educational system. The scientific division had developed a co-ordinated syllabus. In the Division of Humanities, philosophy was receiving a more important place. Dean McKeon taught Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Logic*, Plato's *Republic*, and the intellectual history of the middle ages. Dr. Hutchins and Dr. Adler conducted an "Honors" course in the Classics, in which were read Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Galileo, Newton, the Old and New Testaments, and other great works of science, philosophy and theology. The modern preconceptions of the students were subjected to the scrutiny of reason; the students were obliged to form, express and defend their opinions. Dr. Adler and Dr. Malcolm Sharpe conducted a "pre-law" class in which the students were trained in grammar, rhetoric and logic, and in which philosophy, morality and even theology (to a limited degree and in a "non-sectarian" way) were discussed.

I found this educational program very stimulating. The need of modern education, as envisioned by these men, for order, agreed with the need I had experienced at the University of Michigan. And here, the power inherent in traditional philosophy for providing order for modern sciences, was recognized.

In Dr. Adler, Dr. Hutchins and Dean McKeon, I found men who, like Herbert S., had, in virtue of native talent and traditional philosophical training, the ability to rise from facts to principles and thence to obtain a rational bird's-eye view of great tracts of subject matter.

As my studies in logic proceeded, I saw clearly that truth, eternal changeless truth, existed. I saw that it was attainable, contrary to the opinion of sceptics who assert that no truth is certain. I realized that its foundation is in the really existing order of being, contrary to the idealists and subjectivists who, as I had found, place an impassable gulf between our minds and things existing outside our minds. I now discovered that there is in each natural thing a natural principle, the thing's nature—e. g., human nature in men as their principle. The definition of the thing states it, the name signifies it. From it proceed all the properties and powers of thing—in men, e. g., their human reason and will, the bodily powers which sustain life, etc. The intellect perceives this natural principle as well as all the properties of things (known first through sense); and it also perceives the order between these properties—thus, I understood, scientific knowledge is formulated. When this knowledge agrees with the reality to which it refers, the mind, which possesses it, possesses truth.

During this period of time I was forced to re-examine many of the ideas which I had taken for granted in my earlier education, e. g., concerning the origin of the universe and the human race, the nature of the mind, the existence of immaterial beings. I had once firmly believed that the world began, by itself, from clouds of matter which gradually formed themselves into the present universe. I also believed that simple living organisms had arisen from non-living matter under especially favorable conditions, that from these the more complex species had developed through the course of ages, and finally that from apes man had arisen, through certain intermediate stages. These intermediate stages, according to the theory I accepted, had left certain clues of their existence before they became extinct. The wonderful gradation of living things and the apparent "recapitulation" of the course of evolution in the embryological development of the higher animals and man, had appealed to me as proof of evolution. When, in medical school, an anatomist-surgeon who had done special work in embryology had laughed at this theory, I was taken aback. However, he based his rejection of it upon embryological specimens, and pointed out that Haeckel, who had proposed these views with great violence in the nineteenth century, had gone so far as to introduce falsified evidence.

During my studies in philosophy, however, I reconsidered the validity of the theory of evolution. Embryological recapitulation did not prove but supposed the evolutionary theory. The supposition of

evolution has no *direct* evidence and no *direct* logical proof to sustain it. In the recorded history of the world no instance of a species has been known to give rise to an offspring of a higher species. On the contrary, when living offspring which differs from the parent stock are produced by breeding experiments—for example, hybrids—they tend to lose their fertility (the mule) or to revert in their characteristics to the parent stock. Analogies between the successive stages of embryonic development and the gradation of living beings exist in the nature of things, without requiring evolution as an explanation. For both must proceed from simple to complex forms, from unicellular to multicellular. Both require in the higher members of their series organs and systems. The theory of rudimentary organs did not have sufficient evidence to support it (i.e., the supposed rudiments of gills in air and mammalian embryos never show a tendency to become respiratory organs, but are probably associated with the development of non-respiratory organs). So with other evidences of evolution. The vermiform appendix, like the thymus in man, proves, not that man has remnants of organs signifying his origin from lower ancestral species, but that structures not used by the fully formed individual, perhaps useful in its embryological development, atrophy. The various clues (for example, fragments of skeletons) to the supposedly missing links in the conjectured origin of man from apes, do not prove the existence of intermediate stages, since they are not outside the range of possible variation of the species (ape or man) to which they belong; i. e., the characters of these bones are not essentially different from the species now existing and hence do not signify a distinct species intermediate between apes and men.

As I studied the first principles of natural things, my understanding of their simplicity and uniformity increased and, with clearer ideas, I realized the intrinsic impossibility of a natural evolution of species. Species which are really distinct have an essential difference—color, for example, is only an accidental difference constituting different races of men, who are united nonetheless in all their essential characters and characteristics in one human species. Again, a natural change proceeds in accordance with a natural principle, and is determinate—i. e., proceeds in the same way. Each being has as its natural principle the nature or species by which it is constituted as a certain kind of thing, and which is the principle of all its natural operations. Reproduction is a natural operation, proceeding from and in accordance with the nature of a living being, and it also must therefore be determinate—the offspring must be of the same nature as the parents. Thus evolution of new species as a natural process is impossible. Neither could it occur by chance, since the more perfect (a man, for example) could not arise by chance from the less perfect (a lower animal). Again, an

effect cannot exceed the perfection and power of its cause, as all experience and science prove. But the perfect design of a new species can only be accounted for by supposing the Creator as a cause, Who has the perfect Intelligence to design each kind of natural being, and the all-powerful Will to execute His design—by creation—an act befitting Divine Nature. I understood that the addition in the theory of evolution of an extended period of time—an age—during the course of which what otherwise is inconceivable could be supposed to occur, does not alter the absurdity of the theory. For if the evolution of a new species is to occur at all, then at some one generation a new nature would arise in some individual, without an adequate cause, and would be the offspring of parents of a different and lower species.

This left open the question: how then did the human race originate? It was a question which science had not answered, and I felt that the creation of two parents of the race best explained its origin.¹

Morality and Philosophy

My interests now extended to the moral order. At one time I accepted the behavioristic doctrine, then current, which denied the existence of the will, and of freedom of choice.

In my earlier life I had much difficulty in controlling disorderly inclinations. I had experienced a lack of freedom within myself. In my first study of philosophy in Berlin I had learned that interior liberty presupposes knowledge, since the man who is ignorant is not free to choose or refuse what he does not know. Now, in Chicago, as my knowledge of Divine things and the moral order became more clear, I also found it increasingly easy to conduct myself consistently with my inner convictions and desires, which also were clearer. Hence my experience in that earlier time was in accord with the behavioristic doctrine which I then professed, while now it bore witness to the will and its freedom which true philosophy asserts.

Thanks to my early religious training and especially to my parents, I had always had some moral sense. I was very fortunate in having upright parents with a strong sense of honesty, of fidelity to obligations, love of country, love of race, etc. Thus I had formed good habits

¹ On the grounds of natural philosophy this proof seems to me to rule out any other possibility that human beings originated from the lower animals, and proposes, therefore, that they must be the direct work of God's hands. However, the teaching of the Catholic Church tolerates an alternative explanation (permitting it to be taught as an hypothesis). This is the mitigated theory of evolution which proposes that God immediately created the primitive species of plant and animal life, and that He endowed them with the power of producing species distinct from themselves; (which latter He thus created mediately). This theory acknowledges that without the intervention of God, animal life could not have evolved from mere vegetative life; nor the human body from lower forms.

in my early life which were of great assistance. However, I had no reasoned convictions to support these good habits or to strengthen me to withstand the allurements and viewpoints with which I came in contact later. Thus, when I had met the attacks of Voltaire against a "personal" God, Who directed all the events of the universe, I thought his arguments very clever and I adopted a mocking attitude towards religion and even denied the existence of God. Thereafter I settled down to the common belief that if there was a God, I did not know enough to assert His existence. Likewise, when I read of the materialistic theory that sexual relations were as natural as eating and in both cases it was merely necessary to avoid excess, I accepted this as true. It was only a few years later when a person, whose judgment and character I respected, manifested a different opinion that I changed my mind. This person had shown a violent disgust at the evidence of such laxity. My "innate" moral sense, which I hardly realized existed, heartily approved this reaction. Later I understood that the mean of a virtue is not necessarily a mean with respect to quantity (a moderation in quantity) but may be a mean through due regard to the pertinent circumstances; it is unnatural and unreasonable, for example, to seek the pleasure attached to a natural function while precluding the achievement of the end of the function. In regard to sex, the end of the biological function is the procreation of children; an essential circumstance whose fulfillment reason requires, is this, that the exercise of this function take place in the marriage state.

Erroneous teaching with regard to the control of thoughts and desires also had misled me up to this time. Thus I had the false notion that it was dangerous to put away undesirable thoughts and desires—that "repressions" were thus formed. At this time I did not understand the distinction which psychiatry makes between suppressions and repressions. The calm, deliberate exclusion of unreasonable thoughts and desires is essential to mental health; this is suppression, not "repression." Oscar Wilde's maxim, which had previously appealed to me as very witty and true, that the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it, had shown itself in my experience to be very poor counsel. On the contrary I had discovered that temptations, yielded to, become very severe masters which exact increasing homage, and that to be really free one must despise and cast them out at once.

None the less, although I thus discovered that I had an innate moral sense and that it was extremely valuable, I had not received in my education any reasoned support for it until my philosophical studies in Chicago.

At this time in addition to discovering that reason alone sufficed to prove the existence of God, the creation of the world, and of the

human race, and the existence in each man of an immaterial, immortal soul, root of his reason and will, I discovered that the moral order was a reality, discernible by reason. I learned that the Ten Commandments express the natural moral law. For at the root of human nature is the fundamental desire to seek happiness, to do good and to avoid evil, and in the intelligence are the germinal ideas of those things which are good and those things which are evil. This is the natural moral law, expressed by the Ten Commandments. These latter state the outstanding instances in the classes of things good and evil, as for example the commandment not to kill states the most striking instance of doing bodily injury to oneself or another. I had never previously received such an explanation of the natural moral law and of the Decalogue which expresses it. In my high school and early college years I would perhaps have denied it. Yet my experience had shown me that I did have a moral sense, and this moral sense was evidence of these germinal moral ideas in the intelligence, which false and contrary reasoning had obscured in my mind, but had not radically destroyed.

* * *

Philosophy and Contemplation

That (1936) summer I was sitting on the balcony of an Italian hotel overlooking Lake Maggiore. The sky was clear with a beautiful pale blue tint. The mountains surrounding the lake were visible in detail conveying the impression that no medium existed between them and the spectator. Uncle Ben had ordered breakfast. He said, "I am trying to show you how a millionaire lives." I had seen how a millionaire lived, but also how a millionaire thought and felt. On the French Line steamship, the *Normandie*, I had met many men and women who were frequently very tired, seemed to feel very empty and had missed the point of life. Their children, young men and women, were still young enough to hunger for something beyond. They had, however, begun to follow in the tracks of their parents. These people who took elaborate means to seek relief from their cares and troubles were certainly not happy. Jesus had said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

For my part I had enjoyed eating giant snails, which tasted like meaty mushrooms, and found the *Normandie* a very comfortable boat. At Venice I had enjoyed sightseeing in a gondola with an acquaintance from our hotel, a young woman, who was also in Venice for the first time. At the hotel itself I had had a great deal of fun with some English friends with whom I always took tea before retiring. Yet the

enjoyment was superficial, and was followed by fatigue and boredom. My true happiness and peace, deep, substantial, I found in the retirement of my heart, in the contemplation of Divine truths.

In contrast to my present surroundings were those of the University of Chicago. Bill's room, for example. He had a room in the back of "Grandma's" house, as the boys called their landlady. It was small and square. Around its yellow walls Bill had placed small postcard size reproductions of Fra Angelico's paintings. Here he sat, smoking his pipe and studying St. Thomas' tracts with great contentment. "For my part," he had said one day on returning from the richly furnished room of a fellow-student, "I would be content with this room for the rest of my life." No one who knew Bill could doubt that he meant it. "For my part," I had thought, "I can see how attracted I am by worldly distinctions and riches." I felt my carnality in contrast to Bill's spirituality. On another occasion in Chicago, we were having dinner together, near a table occupied by two ladies and a gentleman. The husband and wife were fashionably dressed; she wore jewels. Their chests were thrown out in that attitude often seen in those who have "found their place" in the world. The other lady was small, modestly and poorly dressed, but with a sweet and lovely countenance. She was listening graciously. Bill had expressed his love for the poor. I realized how foolish was my love for the rich. Certainly the poor in spirit, like Bill, like this poor little lady, undoubtedly poor from birth, had the better part. Bill's peace and joy were deeply rooted in his heart, and were not to be disturbed by changes in circumstances, in position, by humiliations. His peace was not disturbed by restless desires for honor, distinction or riches. If he remained faithful to the part he had chosen, nothing would impede him from constantly advancing towards his sublime destiny—the sublime destiny open to the poor. Just as in Chicago I had experienced the superiority of the humble, holy life of the spirit to the worldly life of the senses, so again in this trip through Europe I found the contemplation of Divine truths alone complete and satisfying.

FATHER M. RAPHAEL SIMON
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The Jews and the Hidden Mary

The Jews and we Christians have this in common; that we both possess the Old Testament. The orthodox Jew may have very definite views about it and the Zionist Jew may feel somewhat ill at ease in its presence, but both have this book with us. It is in the interpretation of the book that the differences come. The task is then to find the common ground of agreement.

In the Old Testament, we have the story of the wanderings of the Jewish people until they reach the promised land. We have the story of the covenant with Abraham; the tales of Esther and Ruth and the mother of the Maccabees; of Rachel and the mysterious bride of the Canticle of Canticles. And even before these stories, we have the wonderful description of the creation of the world, of life in the Garden of Eden, and the terrible fall from grace of our first parents.

The Jewish people treat of these characters of the Old Testament merely as historical personages. They do not consider them as persons symbolic of the greater truths of the New Testament.

Because of their tragic rejection of Christ and the New Testament which He came personally to bring to mankind, they have been left in darkness about the real meaning of their own most precious books.

A few Jewish writers today have come to accept Christ as the Messias. Only the other day, we heard of a well known Jewish novelist who, in a conversation with a priest friend, said that he accepted Christ as the Messias. Many more Jews have come to accept Christ as one of the prophets of their people.

But it isn't Christ and the sixty or more prophecies concerning him in the Old Testament that we propose to discuss, but rather His mother, Mary, who in a wonderful moment which must seem to have been madness to one not of the Faith said, "*Behold all generations shall call me blessed.*" And all generations have called her that.

In the world of art, we have the outpouring of Madonnas. Musicians have tried their best to do justice to this Jewish woman who became the Mother of Jesus Christ, our Lord and God.

The Old Testament is filled with stories of valiant women. We have mentioned some. As we have said, these personages are only people of history to the Jews but to us they are symbols of Mary. We shall take some of these Biblical stories and try somewhat to show how the Fathers of the Church and Catholic tradition have looked on these women.

It will be a revelation of the story of Mary hidden in the Old Testament.

Today, the Jews are going through a time of tremendous suffering.

They are being crucified and Mary is most certainly beside them, praying for them as she stood sadly beside the Cross of her Son on Calvary.

It has been the constant tradition of the Catholic Church that at the end of the world, at least a remnant of the Jews will enter the Catholic Church. The tradition is that Enoch and Elias will come to bring them to the truth. But when these men will come, they will certainly work the conversions through grace and not through physical force. Since conversion is a matter of grace, the change ultimately goes back to Mary, the Mother of God, who the Church holds is the dispensatrix of all graces.

It is a rather curious fact that today when the question of Zionism is so much written about, the very name, Zion, is one which has been used by the Fathers of the Church to symbolize Mary. How wonderful it would be if the Zionists were in reality what they are in Mary's intention—her children, Marianists!

The Jews must certainly be mystified when they hear Catholics speak of Mary, the Blessed Mother, in such sublime terms. We call her Gate of Heaven, House of Gold, Ark of the Covenant, Tower of David, Queen of the Angels, Queen of Patriarchs, Queen of the Apostles. We are always trying to outdo ourselves in our praise of her. To crown it all, we speak of her as the Immaculate Conception of God.

It was a little Jewish girl who under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost spoke the wonderful words of the *Magnificat*, which has a tremendous place in Catholic devotion. When the Jews discover this woman of their race, they will have found the woman of whom God spoke in the Garden of Eden right after the Fall.

When God had questioned Adam and Eve about the Fall, He immediately softened the punishment of exile from the garden of Eden with a promise of a Redeemer to come, the Messiah. He said that He would place enmities between the seed of a woman and the seed of the serpent, the Devil, and she would eventually crush his head.

Eve sinned by disobedience, and Mary atoned by obedience, obedience unto death.

The Story of Esther

Let us go from the scene in the Garden of Eden to the story of Esther.

In the Book of Esther, it is related how Vashti, the Queen, sins by disobedience to the King, and is driven from the royal court.

The King becomes sad and his seven counsellors suggest that another woman be chosen to take the place of the fallen Vashti. All the beautiful women of the nation are chosen and brought to the King. Each goes in dressed in her best, but, let it be noted, *her* best. Esther makes no pretence, accepting only the clothes and accessories

that the royal eunuch places at her disposal, but despite her personal abnegation, she appears to the King as the most beautiful and she becomes the Queen in place of the banished Vashti.

Esther is a Jew, and she has been brought up by Mardochai. She doesn't, however, tell the King that she is a Jew until a situation arises which compels her to take her place as the pleader at the royal court for her people.

Aman, the chief noble of the court, had plotted against the Jews of the nation and had told all manner of lies against them. He had even obtained the death warrant for the Jewish nation.

Mardochai then begs Esther to reveal herself to the King and to plead for her people.

Esther decides to do this, and, although she is fearful, she goes ahead. Dressed now in her best clothes and ornaments, she goes into the King's presence resting on the arms of two servants. It is forbidden to appear in the King's presence without his command and Esther is ready to swoon with fear as she enters the royal chamber. The King, moved by her fear, rushes forward to meet her and lets her hold his scepter—the sign that she is accepted into his presence. She tells her story and the King frees her people and has Aman hung from the highest gibbet.

In honor of the freeing of the Jewish people, Esther decrees a yearly feast to be held, called Purim, and she sings a canticle of the Lord's mercies, reminiscent of the *Magnificat*.

Even today the Zionists celebrate this feast day at least with Purim balls. Near Teheran in Iran, Esther's grave is still honored, and the story is told thereabouts, much as we talk about heroes of the early days of this country.

The Jewish people think of the feast of Purim as the story of their deliverance, but the persistency of the tradition over thousands of years can scarcely be accounted for except by the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The great heroes of the Greeks and the Romans are told of in history books, but we have no yearly celebration of the mother of the Gracchi, for instance. Yet the celebration of Purim goes on and on, and we believe it will until the Jews come to the realization of the true meaning of the story, its symbolization of the place Mary must play in their salvation.

The Canticle of Canticles

Let us go from the story of Esther to the story of the woman of the *Canticle of Canticles*. This work is usually attributed to Solomon and he is noted for his wisdom so that the phrase "as wise as Solomon" is a tradition. The *Canticle of Canticles* is a poem which outmatches all

human poetry for the profundity of its thought. It is probably the most sublime piece of literature ever penned and we as Catholics know that it was written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that it has a deep mystical meaning.

Cornelius a Lapide, in his great work on this canticle, collects what the different Fathers of the Church have said of it, and he tells us that the true sense, the *sermo verus*, of the poem refers to the bride as Mary, the perfect soul, which God, the Lover, loves more than all the other concubines, the elect.

Because of this continued tradition, the Church has continuously applied the texts of this poem to the Blessed Mother. Cornelius a Lapide, quoting the Fathers, speaks of the different adornments of the bride loved as the graces and gifts of Mary.

The whole story of the union of a soul with its God is there told under the aspects of human love and when we ponder on the canticle in this light, we realize the significance of St. Paul's words about the Sacrament of Marriage resembling the union of Christ with His Church.

As the elect are the children whom Mary protects and brings to God through the dispensing of the graces which Christ has left in her care, so we come to understand the meaning of the phrase so often used today by spiritual writers—*to Jesus through Mary*.

The Book of Wisdom

Saint Grignon de Montfort, whose canonization took place on July 20th of this year, says in his *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary* that whenever we see the word "wisdom" in the Old Testament, we can take it out and replace it with the word Mary. If we do this, we find some startling new insights coming to us. We realize why the Church takes those long quotations from the Book of Wisdom and applies them to Mary, using them in the Masses in her honor.

Thus on the feast of Mary's Nativity, September 8th, the Church uses this quotation from the Book of Wisdom in reference to Mary.

The Lord possessed me (i. e., Wisdom) in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning. I was set up from eternity, and of old, before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out, the mountains with their huge bulk had not as yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth . . . I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world; and my delight is to be with the children of men.

A very mysterious quotation indeed, but one that has some light for us when we ponder the words of Saint Grignon de Montfort, that God looked forward from all eternity to the moment when He would

come to dwell in Mary's womb. It would be the best tabernacle on earth for Him for it perfectly reflected His perfections. The Fathers have called Mary the *House of God* for this reason, and the quotation, "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy House and the place where Thy glory dwelleth," refers to Mary, the perfect temple of the Holy Ghost.

We can meditate almost endlessly on this subject—the hidden Mary—and through this meditation we can come to a greater understanding of the profound depths of the Divine Plan. All things have been created according to Wisdom. Before there ever was a mountain or a saint or a fountain of water or sanctifying grace, the thought of Mary was in God's mind, and it gave Him continuous delight, for there He derived His greatest extrinsic joy from creation.

When the Jewish people know what we know—namely, that the Old Testament is but a shadowing of the New Dispensation—they will have found the hidden Mary. They will reach the true Promised Land, the Catholic Church.

Saint Augustine says of the Book of Genesis that in the most minute detail, it is a prophecy of Christ and of His Church. With this thought we can conclude, except for a quotation from St. John Chrysostom, who in speaking of the Garden of Eden said these words:

The word Eden signifies virgin land. Now such was the region in which God planted Paradise. For it is written that God planted Paradise in Eden toward the East that thou mayest understand that Paradise was not a work of human hands; since the earth was virgin and had known no ploughshare; but without tillage—at the Divine command alone—it put forth its vegetation. For this cause He called it Eden, which means virgin soil. This virgin earth is a type of the Virgin. For as that land without having received any seed, blossomed forth for us Paradise: so too Mary, without having conceived of men, blossomed forth for us Christ.

When then a Jew says to thee: How did a virgin bring forth? Say unto him: How did the virgin earth put forth trees?

ARTHUR SHEEHAN

A Letter on Lakeport

To the Editor:

I just read Floyd Anderson's article about "Lakeport" in your July issue. I know enough about some of the cities on the Great Lakes to recognize its authenticity. Sure enough, "Lakeport is spiritually a dead city." Still, I thought you might be interested to hear about something that happened in Lakeport this very morning, July 9, 1947 at 7:12 A.M.

At that moment in St. Mary's Church Father Murphy came out, late as usual, and proceeded to say what should have been the seven o'clock Mass. He did not say it with much devotion because he was distracted with thoughts about whether the convent needed to be repainted now or could wait another year and who would be a good speaker for the coming Communion Breakfast of the Holy Name Society.

It was not a particularly edifying Mass, but the effect was cataclysmic! There were nine Seraphim in the sanctuary and sixty-three Cherubim. There was a respectable attendance of Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers, and Virtues. The Archangels and Angels just couldn't be counted. When Father Murphy started to mumble *Hoc est enim* . . . the Seraphim veiled their faces with their wings, a group of Archangels swung invisible censers, and twelve Angels with torches knelt reverently in a semi-circle in the sanctuary. The whole affair created quite a sensation in Heaven; for, unlike ourselves, the Blessed never get used to the Mass and they see no reason why the billion-and-first Mass should not be quite as remarkable as any other. In the meantime the soul of Mrs. Muldoon, for whom the Mass was offered, was liberated from Purgatory and winged her way up through the empyrean to the presence of God and eternal beatitude.

In the sleepy-eyed congregation was a girl with yellow hair, a red-and-white striped dress, and too much nail polish. For six months she has been going to Communion daily. Last night she was the life of the party. She doesn't look very spiritual; but the Bread of Life accomplishes remarkable results with second-rate material. Her friends will be surprised when she enters Carmel next fall. That man with a soiled sweater in the end pew works in the filling station around the corner. He is tired because he has been working all night. His friends know that he has turned over a new leaf recently, but no one except his confessor knows about his frightful physical penances. That shabby, middle-aged woman straining her eyes over a worn prayer book has grounds for divorce ten times over against her faithless husband, but the thought of divorce never occurred to her. She offers up her troubles cheerfully in expiation for her sins which are tiny enough, God knows, and her soul is so effulgent with sanctifying grace that Angels bow reverently when they pass her on the street.

Yes, I suppose that Lakeport is spiritually a dead city. At least I get that impression when I read the papers and talk to Lakeport Catholics. Yet there must still be some spark of spiritual vitality there if things happen such as happened at St. Mary's this morning.

Very sincerely,

PAUL HANLY FURFEY

Living the Liturgy

During the course of last year, I happened to hear some discussions on the subject of *living the Liturgy*. They followed two papers, one read by Miss Teresa Gray and one by Dr. H. F. Rance.

Miss Gray is Headmistress of a modern school in northwest England. She makes all of her school work center toward and derive from the Liturgical Year. The result is an enormous success. The children's religion becomes a really potent one. They see the life of the Church, and their own lives in a true perspective, because under the direction of a woman of genius and a very keen Catholic, the life of the Church flowers and fruits, to a greater or less degree, in all their activities.

Miss Gray says that she has a fine staff which carries out her ideas ably and generously, that the parents of the children become infected with enthusiasm too, that there is hope, as far as she can see, of fewer lapses from the Faith when the children come to the age for leaving school.

Dr. Rance's paper—he is a scientist and a fairly recent convert—was about *Liturgy and the Family*. My impression of this paper was that the family to which Dr. Rance referred was a specially favored one, in that unconsciously he was thinking of a family existing in a special section of society—that of the professional class. I do not think that Dr. Rance intended this. His paper was couched in theological and philosophical rather than concrete terms. But while I agreed with his thesis as wholeheartedly as I did with that of Miss Gray, and while I have among my friends an example of a well-nigh perfect family, which is at the same time a well-nigh perfect liturgical family, yet my mind turned sadly to the vast majority of Catholic families who do not possess the physical, mental, social, or religious amenities of Dr. Rance.

I turned the matter constantly in my mind until I became obsessed with the thought of these unhappy people who, while they might live liturgically if they could, are powerless to do so.

"Cannot live liturgically?"

That was perhaps a rather sweeping statement. They can live liturgically in one sense—but not with body and mind, as well as soul, as a true and complete participation in the Liturgy of the Church demands. The only way these people of whom I am thinking can live liturgically is by a life-long supreme identification with that supreme desolation on the Cross, in which body and mind are tortured to the annihilation of almost every semblance of humanity, and life remains in the supreme point of the spirit alone.

I think of a story told to me recently by a school teacher in a Glasgow slum. It refers to a child in her class to whom she gave a holy picture.

"Thank you, Miss," said the child. "But, Miss, I haven't anywhere to put it."

"It's to pin on the wall."

"We haven't got a wall, Miss."

"?"

"We're in the middle."

The point is that there were five families to the room, one to each wall, and one in the middle of the room. It is true that a liturgical movement of a sort would have to develop if so many families were to be able to share a room without getting all mixed up with one another. But is this a liturgical movement according to the full mind of the Church?

I think of the American factory workers whose lives are so vividly described by Dorothy Day in her *House of Hospitality*—how, for instance, in motor factories the building of a car is so subdivided and so speeded up that no worker is able to leave his work for a moment for anything less than dire necessity. Is their's liturgical living?

I think of other factory workers—perhaps more fortunate, some of them certainly more fortunate—of the girl who stands day long, week long, year long, at a hatchway door through which, on a moving belt, comes an endless procession of boxes. The girl's only function is to keep her eyes on the hatchway and see that the boxes are straight; if one of them is crooked, with a little movement of the hand she puts it straight again.

Is that life? Above all, can it be liturgical life?

I think of more factory workers. They are everywhere, all over the world, wherever there is an industrial town. They turn a little screw perhaps. They press a lever. They fill a box or a can. They fix a label. No need for skill or responsibility. No need for aiming at perfection. No room for creative activity. No choice. No adaption of means to end. Let them make no deviation from the task the machine has set them. If they do so it will get them. They must themselves become a perfect piece of mechanism in order to work at the machine. Let them assume a sense of responsibility at their own peril.

"They can contemplate, because they have no distraction from contemplation."

Yes, by a miraculous grace. But let them not have ecstasies. They would be into the wheels at once.

Did God, when He created Adam, intend that he and his descendants should work like this? I know that God permits this evil, but

that is by no means the same thing. He permits murder. He lets the enemy sow cockle but, if we are his children, we must not sow it ourselves. We must even refrain, as *far as it is in our power*, from *con-
niving* at the sowing of the cockle. Above all, we must not allow ourselves to be convinced—much less shout it from the housetops—that the cockle is first-grade wheat.

"They are workers. They must remain workers. We must not try to take them out of the class from which they come. Otherwise they will no longer be able to influence that class. The industrial world can once again be opened to Christianity." I quote from a Catholic magazine. But how is it possible to Christianize the institution which is annihilating those very faculties in man which essentially make him a potential member of the Mystical Body of Christ—his memory, his understanding, and his will? The sacrifice of man's life to his God must be not only a pure sacrifice but a whole sacrifice. Man should be the possessor of his own body, mind and soul before he can *offer them up*. It is the perfect creature who is the fittest victim of sacrifice. Only God Himself has the right to approve the crucifixion of His creatures.

The factory worker of today is not a whole personality. This must be obvious when one considers how little of him is needed in his work. He leaves outside the factory all of himself except a certain bodily strength, the act of will that takes him there and keeps him going through the day, and those sub-human reflex actions which, unerringly and undeviatingly performed, link him up with the machine. His human power of making varying decisions and of adapting means to ends are all unnecessary. To attempt to use them would be a handicap. Thus he is weary with a boredom of mind from which he is tempted to take refuge in various forms of excitement.

His wife's lot is slightly better than his. She can still bathe the babies if she wishes. But more and more she tends to relegate the lovely and civilizing functions of mother-care to a state control that is only too anxious to shoulder her responsibilities. More and more as the cheap chain store provides her with food from a can and garment from a peg is her initiative dulled, her task perverted. "*Who shall find a valiant woman?*"

She can still have babies.

Yes, if there is room in the house for babies. But houses near factories are, in the main, built on expensive land sites, and therefore the houses are small. And so there are not so many babies. Husband and wife must live in a state of heroic continence or they must fly to

contraceptives. Yet this is a mortal sin. Only priests and doctors know fully the evils which are the frightful results of the overcrowding in our city. Is it in such conditions that family life can be carried on liturgically?

The children grow. The state takes charge of them—not perhaps overtly, but by subtle, creeping measures—by being, for instance, kinder to the children than the parents are able to be, simply because it gently or forcibly removes from the parents the right and the responsibility to be kind. And when this process of the adoption of the children by the state has been carried sufficiently far, the mother, as well as the father, is free to do factory work. Goodbye, Christian home.

The industrial system, as everyone knows—but few people will face that knowledge—is destroying us, body, mind and soul. It is the industrial system with its economic network and its basis of international finance which has made possible the concentration of power in the hands of the few, the dragooning of the masses, the poison gas of lying propaganda, the machine gun at the street corner, the atomic bomb. It is the industrial system which destroys food while leaving millions starving. It is the industrial system which is destroying the very fertility of the earth. It has made possible and led to the widespread destruction of reasonable human activity. It has made modern Russia possible—the greatest enemy the Church has ever known.

Ah! poor world! Can you live now liturgically except in the paradox of crucifixion! Surely God never intended *that* for the common life of man! Otherwise why, drawing nigh to Jerusalem, did He weep over it, saying, *"If thou hadst but known, and in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thy eyes."*

"But," you may protest to Him, "I can't put the clock back."

Chesterton, whom I would venture to compare in some ways with St. Thomas Aquinas, pointed out that you could. The trouble is that, like Christianity, we haven't tried it sufficiently. What is more, we don't intend to try. And yet we have already witnessed, in this our day, the fulfillment of the prophecy made so long ago to Jerusalem—*"For the days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee round, and straighten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee. And they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone: because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation."* And entering into the temple, He began to cast out them that sold therein and them that bought, saying to them, *"It is written, My house is the house of prayer. But you have made it a den of thieves."*

AILEEN MARY CLEGG
Sussex, England

BOOK REVIEWS

Christ Without Caricature

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

By Guiseppe Ricciotti

Translated by Alba Zizzamia

Bruce

Price: \$7.50

May God shower His tender compassion and light on those of us who carry upon our hearts and lips our personal caricature of His Divine Son. Though there is a more grievous sin than presumption (despair, for example), we

who are of the presuming type may one day find we really had no great cause for relaxation into this peculiar brand of mental "well being."

The followers of Christ when He walked the earth were surrounded by far greater reality and intensity of life than we are in our age. They talked about Him, studied Him, asked Him questions, and pondered His words in their hearts. Many, having done this, became His disciples or, on the other hand, thinking the price too great, "walked no more with Him."

Just inasmuch as man is a caricature of himself in this mechanized, urban culture, so is Jesus, our Brother, too frequently made over into our own image and likeness—and only then do we proceed to refer to ourselves as His "disciples."

Two caricatures of our Redeemer immediately come to mind as I write. For some there is the long-robed, long-bearded, phlegmatic caricature walking about with thin, frail hands, His lowered eyes avoiding all conflict and noticing no mischief. This is the devil's specialty in South America and other Latin countries. How far this conception is from the reality of "Jesus our Brother, strong and good"—the Son of God and the Brave Hearted Maid—the Foster Son of a skilled carpenter! But this misconception is one of the reasons why so few men are found in churches in Latin countries and why piety and a certain lack of masculinity are often associated in their minds.

On the other extreme is a misguided "Leader" complex. There's the frequently strained masculinity in the rehearsed, clear-headed objectivity of the good-Catholic-college graduate. He wishes so much to serve Christ and His Church that he works very hard to become a millionaire, real-estate dealer or head of the stock exchange. Thus cloaking his worldly aspirations, his plan is to bedazzle those who formerly ridiculed the Faith into realizing what practical hard-headed people the followers of Christ really are.

There is a very obvious need for Catholic laymen to know their Leader—and it will logically follow that they will then know what life wants of them.

In order to avoid, as much as possible, coloring the Life of Christ in his own particular manner, as so many authors have, Father Ricciotti says ". . . it has been my wish to write an historical and documentary work. I have studied the ancient fact and not the modern theory, the solidity of the documents and not the flimsiness of any interpretation presently the fashion. I have even dared to imitate the famous dispassionateness of the canonical Evangelists, who have neither an exclamation of joy when Jesus is born nor a word of lament when He dies. It has been my intention, then, to write a critical work."

The Life of Christ is a scholarly book written with utter clarity and simplicity. The author is an Abbot and Procurator of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. Throughout the book the countryside of Palestine is shown in numerous photographs. While hovering between life and death on the battlefield in the first World War, Father Ricciotti thought that, if he might live, he would write a life of Christ. The book is the culmination of a lifetime of

study and meditation and was completed during the second World War. The author possesses a depth of knowledge in Oriental literature and languages (Hebrew, Aramaic, etc.), as well as Greek, Latin, English, French and German.

The first part of this book deals with the historical, social and geographical background of Christ's life, followed by an examination of the sources of our information about Him, a chapter on His physical appearance, and a discussion of the rationalist's interpretation of the life of Jesus. The second part is a detailed and chronological consideration of Christ's life.

Each chapter is equally full and detailed. One can merely outline the contents of this learned contribution to Catholic thought—brief complimentary sentences are not sufficient to describe a life work of this nature. This book is a real source of food for meditation. It shows us the *real* Christ.

MAUREEN GIL

Genesis of the Contemporary Chaos

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, Vol. III

By Philip Hughes

Sheed and Ward

Price: \$4.00

This third volume deals with the revolt against the Church, from Aquinas to Luther, that period which preceded and made possible the

Reformation. It does not make pleasant reading for it is an almost unrelieved tale of men's betrayal of Christ in His Church. But it is fascinating and profitable reading, with constant present-day implications. What was then beginning is now finishing completely in our generation, attended by, on one hand, final horrible perversions and barbarisms, and on the other by the fruits of the purification of the Church, and new spiritual beginnings.

Father Hughes' treatment of Church history is impressive. Obviously a scholar, he is acquainted at first hand with all the researches on key questions and, where necessary, he can and does give detailed facts. He is completely objective, never betraying the slightest anxiety to color the facts. His chief concern is to show the origin and development of trends rather than to interpret events from an apologetical point of view, although he occasionally does that, as when he points out how Popes good and bad during this period rise to the defense of the autonomy of the Church against the threat of the princes. The author is a man of judgment, knowing what is important and what is not, and a man of charity, notable throughout but especially in regard to Luther.

He treats the history chronologically, by periods, with time out three times to discuss Christian life, thought and sanctity. Here is where most of his interpretation comes in. The only weakness the book has is that these philosophical and spiritual considerations are separated from, rather than integrated with, the general history.

Two themes run through the history at this period, both culminating, in a way, in Luther. One is the struggle between Church and State and, although the author does not stress it unduly, it is quite clear that it is not a case of the Church trying to usurp temporal power as of the State trying to subordinate the spiritual power, which the revival of pagan ideas abetted. Luther, then, represents the capitulation of religion to the political arm with what ultimate results the daily papers bear witness. The other theme is the progressive departure from truth, first in opposing faith and reason, and so on down to the intellectual anarchy of Luther. Philip Hughes shows this as a movement away from and neglect of St. Thomas. He has an interesting discussion of the "De-

votio Moderna," apropos of "The Imitation of Christ." Here the application to our own day is obvious. We have been the recipients of the tradition of devotions separated from theology, with Garragou-Lagrange among other champions of a new return to St. Thomas.

Good will is what saves men's souls, but the reader of this history will learn the disease to which good will is liable in the absence of good understanding.

CAROL JACKSON

Salt, Not Soup

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Compiled by Peter Resch, S.M.

Bruce

Price: \$2.50

Only God in His inspired word can adequately describe Mary, His Masterpiece, the crown of His creation. The appropriation by the Church of Scriptural passages as found in the Breviary and attributed to Our Lady make up this

entire work. Otherwise the title would indeed sound presumptuous. With the self-effacing restraint of the Woman whom the Old Testament unconsciously describes, Father Resch writes his modest preface. A striking footnote follows the excerpt from the Canticle of Canticles "I am black but comely": "The reference here can only be to the darkness of her unconscious beauty. For as the sun which fills the earth with light has power to turn to blackest night the white bodies of men upon whom its rays fall directly, so Mary was rendered invisible to herself by the brightness of the sun which envelops her. The result is complete oblivion of self. . . . She looked into the translucent depths of her own nothingness and saw only the might of God; all else was blotted out." The austere beauty, the elevation and the vigor of Scripture are a relief after the sentimentality that taints much Marian literature.

FRANCES CLARE O'REILLY

The Fact of Fatima

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

By William Thomas Walsh

Macmillan

Price: \$2.75

This is one of the most important books of the year, perhaps of any year, and deserves a high place on any best-seller list. This is partly because of the excellence of Dr. Walsh's presentation, but much more because of the

subject. Dr. Walsh came home from Portugal convinced that nothing is so important as making known what Our Lady asked in these apparitions that have been so neglected, so distorted, so misunderstood. The future of our civilization, our liberties, our very existence may depend upon the acceptance of her commands, he wrote. And he has done his share in making these facts known in an excellent, most readable book.

The story is fairly well known: The appearances of Our Lady in 1917 to three shepherd children in Portugal, in the hill country called the Serra de Aire, near Fatima. There were six appearances in all, and at the last, before 70,000 people, Our Lady performed a startling miracle to prove the truth of what the children said. And what did the children say?

That Our Lady asked the consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart. If this were done, Russia would be converted and there will be peace. If not, Russia will scatter her errors throughout the world, provoking wars and persecutions of the Church. And people must pray the Rosary, perform sacrifices, make the five first Saturday Communions, pray for the Holy Father, and after each mystery of the Rosary say, "O my Jesus, pardon us and deliver us from the fire of hell. Draw all souls to heaven, especially those in most need."

This would be a fascinating story, delightful and charming, if it were fiction; but it is fact, and fact that concerns all of us. Dr. Walsh has caught the flavor of the country, the simplicity and sincerity of the children, and gives you the feeling that you too were there. You must read this book.

FLOYD ANDERSON

The Subtleties of Newman

NEWMAN, FAITH AND THE BELIEVER

By Philip Flanagan, D.D.

Newman Bookshop

Price: \$3.75

"The present work is an attempt to show whether or not there are solid grounds for accusing Newman of Modernism or even Semi-modernism." In his Introduction, the Reverend Henry Tristram of the Oratory points out that "from the first page of his book until the last Fr. Flanagan, fearing lest his love of and veneration for Newman should in the smallest degree bias his judgment . . . has forced himself to be severely critical. . . ." This severity reaches its culmination in the following two passages (pp. 97 and 112):

Apart from the fallacies in the examples, there appears to be a much more serious error underlying Newman's assertions: his apparent denial of the real foundation of universal ideas. He does not seem to have understood what is meant by abstraction, for his universal man is just an aggregate of all men that he knew.

It is clear from this passage that Newman did not understand what was meant by a universal idea.

However, we may definitely affirm that the author triumphantly exculpates Newman from the accusation of Modernism or even Semi-modernism.

The body of the work is devoted to a detailed examination of the accounts of Newman given by the French "Newmanists" who treated him as Jansen treated St. Augustine. There are two appendices: the first is an exposition of Modernism, and the second is a most luminous discussion of the "conscience argument" for the existence of God. There is a useful explanation of the true doctrine of abstraction as opposed to conceptualist errors (pp. 110-113), and a rather detailed study of the rational basis of belief in children. This last (pp. 83-90) is rather terrifying, because it seems to conceal skeptical implications utterly destructive of all infallible certainty.

The gist of the whole work is expressed in these words: "What Newman emphasises above all is the importance of background and environment in our study of the evidence for the Church."

ALAN C. BATES

A Guide to the New Testament

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST

By Pere M. J. Lagrange, O.P.

Newman Bookshop

Price: \$7.50 the set

scholar is too well established for me to attempt to add to it. His many years of study in the Holy Land have made him perhaps the prime authority on Biblical history, language, and customs. He is consulted by archeologists and other research students throughout the world.

In this study in two volumes the four Gospels are treated harmoniously as a continuous narrative with interesting historical background material. Pere Lagrange is slightly apologetic to his more scholarly readers for what may seem insufficient arguments and refers them to his more complete synopsis of the Gospels with the explanation that this work is intended for popular consumption. It is this fact which I especially liked about these books, they are so very readable. They elaborate and explain the Gospels and should be read along with your New Testament in order to obtain the greatest benefit and delight. As permanent additions to your library they are well worth the price.

DOROTHY WILLOCK

Leaders in Liaison

WARTIME CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PRESIDENT

ROOSEVELT AND
POPE PIUS XII

Macmillan

Price: \$2.50

These messages have lasting historical value, revealing the parallel endeavors of our late President and His Holiness Pope Pius XII, in their respective spheres to alleviate the sufferings of those innocent peoples engulfed in the greatest of all wars.

How much encouragement His Holiness received from Mr. Roosevelt's letters and from his personal contacts with our envoy, the Honorable Myron C. Taylor, is reflected in the letters and in the achievement of their common purpose.

The introduction and explanatory notes by Mr. Taylor show the framework of events and fill in the correlating information and describe various developments arising in connection with the messages.

The love and trust in God expressed by our late President was very encouraging and consoling to His Holiness, in the face of so much Godlessness in the world; so also his declaration that America looked forward to a world founded upon the four essential freedoms.

JO ANN HARFORD

Fruit of Contemplation

THE SPIRITUAL DOCTRINE OF SISTER ELIZABETH OF THE TRINITY

Rev. M. M. Philipon, O.P.
Newman Bookshop
Price: \$3.75

If sublimity is the echo of a great soul, Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity ranks with Catherine of Siena and Gertrude the Great. The doctrine of the Divine Indwelling was the center of her spiritual life. This holy young nun died in 1906 at the age of 26 after only five brief years in the Dijon Carmel. Everything she wrote has the breath of another shore. Her letters and retreats are replete with infused wisdom and light. (St. Paul was a great source of her inspiration. Considering her complete lack of all formal theological training, her commentaries are amazing. Indeed in her love of solid doctrine, she was "a Dominican at heart" as she herself once said.) She is a model for interior souls for her own was like a crystal reflecting the Trinity. She was absorbed in her "Three" to the exclusion of and complete forgetfulness of self and she radiated that peace which comes only from divine union. Her "Prayer to the Trinity," written in the white heat of inspiration without an erasure, has in it the power to set one on the contemplative road, as many Carmelites have attested. She has a marvelous facility for reaching souls to go out from self and live in God.

There isn't a trace of sentimentality in her; there is nothing "Frenchy," nothing saccharine in her piety. She always views things as a soul at one with Christ. She never comes down. With exquisite grace and tact she writes to her friends—spontaneously and without the least stiffness of the things of God. Never appointed to any office, her main work was an interior one. Like Mary, she is the silent woman absorbed in the Mystery within her.

Father Philipon treats her with the maximum of respect and penetrative understanding. His appreciation is as keen as his doctrinal analysis is solid.

FRANCES CLARE O'REILLY

Christ in Concrete

GOD'S OWN METHOD

By Aloysius McDonough, C.P., S.T.D.
The Sign Press
Price: \$2.00

*"... And a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."*

(Byron)

Taken from the introduction to Father McDonough's book in which he brings "up to date," so to speak, the lesson found in the divine "design for living." This book has been written in the modern manner for the reader of today. The trial of Christ is discussed in modern legal terms, His death in modern medical terms, holding one's interest all the way through. The writer does indeed "give his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time," leaving him grateful for the "drop of ink" and the time spent in thoughtful preparation.

JO ANN HARFORD

God's Magnet

THIS AGE AND MARY

By Michael O'Carroll, C.S.Sp.

Newman Bookshop

Price: \$2.50

In the chaos of present-day instability, man needs more than any other thing an object to turn to, something from which he can derive sympathy, consolation, serenity. Too often, not knowing where to go, in his despair he turns to material things, to friends worse off than himself, to skepticism, all of which can only lead him deeper into the pit. Father O'Carroll, in his book *This Age and Mary*, offers a solution to the problem, one to fill the minds and hearts of men with true hope. He gives us Mary; she who, in the words of St. Bernard, is the "Key of Heaven" and at the utterance of whose name the portals of Paradise open.

How does Mary answer the needs of our times, this age so often called the "Age of Mary"? In his book, Father O'Carroll highlights various titles of Our Lady and shows how her particular attributes serve not only as inspiration for men in this age so lacking in virtues, but also as a source of the actual help needed so desperately. Mary's life, her humility, her purity, her charity, her position in heaven above the angels and saints, her maternal affection for men—all her perfections are vividly analyzed and portrayed. Her position as powerful Mediatrix, interceding continually for us before the throne of God, should make us go with hope and love to her who can lead us out of this chaos, if we but ask.

This Age and Mary can well serve as a guide to understanding Our Blessed Mother. No one can read it without feeling closer to her and loving her more. The author writes with clarity and warmth, making of the book a source of comfort to the reader, and a garland of praise for Mary. In the words of Father O'Carroll, she must become a "living magnetic force" in the life of every Christian. If this should happen it would indeed bring joy and serenity to each individual, for as St. Bernard tells us: "God wills that all graces should be bestowed upon us through Mary."

GLORIA TANASSO

MEDIAEVAL PHILOSOPHY

By D. J. B. Hawkins

Sheed and Ward, \$2.00

For a neat, clear resume of mediaeval philosophy, this is excellent. One senses an ease of mastery on the part of the author. What is important, what is new and what is relevant, is quite clear to him, and the whole is related, in an especially good final chapter, to modern philosophy and to present day philosophical needs. There are occasional lapses into humor and colloquialisms that make you wish the writer would bend yet further in the direction of the ordinary mind.

CAROL JACKSON

**"With persevering prayer to the
Spirit of Love and Truth We wait
for them with open arms to re-
turn not to a stranger's house, but
to their own, their Father's house."**

PIUS XII

